BLACK DIAMO

AUG. NO.57

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CODE
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104

WESTERN



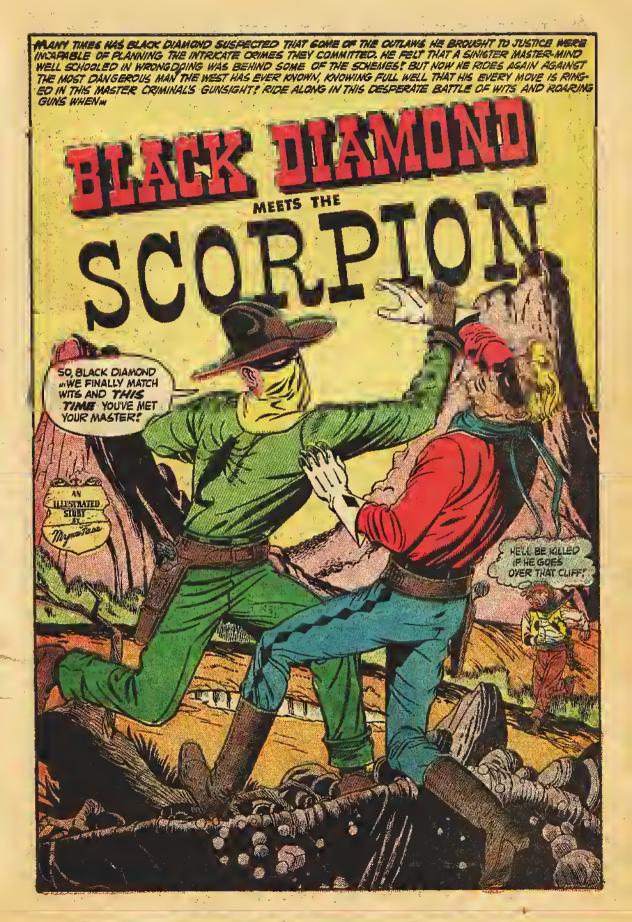
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RECKON THAT'S A MIGHTY ORNERY GANG OF OWLHOOTS FOR A TOP LAWMAN LIKE SHERIFF LARKIN TO ASK FOR HELP!

I RECKON SOMETHING MIGHTY ODD IS IN THE MAKING. BUMPER!





SUDDENLY, SHERIFF LARKIN DARTS OUT OF A DOORWAY!





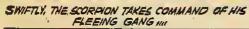














THOSE THIEVIN' CRITTERS WON'T GET AWAY! I'VE GOT THE DROP ON THEM!











LATER, IN HIS OFFICE, SHERIFF LARKIN RECEIVES AN EXPECTED VISITORIII

THIS IS THE PLAN! CIRCULATE RUMORS
OF A BIG GOLD SHIPMENT LEAVING
HERE FOR TAMARAS! SCORPION'S
SPIES WILL SCON GET WIND OF
IT! THAT VARMINTS SO CONFIDENT
ROCKY CITY'S HIS FOR THE TAKING,
HELL NEVER SUSPECT A TRAP,
A COACH FULL OF LAWMEN!

SURE, DIAMOND: ALL I ASK IS ONE CLEAR SHOT AT THOSE ROBBIN' OWLHOOTS:



A FEW DAYS LATER, A STAGECOACH RAMBLES IT'S WAY THROUGH NARROW CANYON PASS INTO A SCORPION'S NEST OF WAITING LEADIN





IN THE ENSUING BATTLE, MANY OF THE OWN-HOOTS GO DOWN IN A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE! BUT AS THE SCORPION MANAGES TO GALLOP AWAY, KEEN EVES FOLLOW HIS EXITIN



ON RELIAPON, HIS MIGHTY MOUNT, BLACK DIAMOND, THE FEARLESS MARSHAL, OUTRACES THE SCORPION, AND GRADUALLY CLOSES THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM! ON THE UPPER TRAIL, HORSE AND RIDER CATAPULT INTO THE AIR, BRACING THEMSELVES FOR A LEAP.

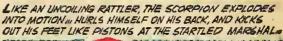








I LET YOU GET AWAY
ONCE, SCORPION! BUT
I WON'T AGA:N.,
LAWMAN!





DESPERATE MOMENTS PASS IN AND THE STRUGGLING OUD HURTLES TOWARD THE CLIFF'S EDGE IN



IN THE NEXT MOMENTIN A DIRECT BLOW TO THE JAW STRIKES HOME III BLACK DIAMOND LOSES HIS FOOTING III



AND GOES OVER THE CRAG III A BREATHLESS DESCENT THROUGH SPACE III



SHERIFF LARKIN, WHO WITNESSED THE DEADLY COMBAT, ARRIVES AT THE SCENE AS THE SCORPION GALLOPS AWAY...







AT FIRST, BUMPER IS STUNNED AT THE SHERIFF'S ANNOUNCEMENT IN THEN IN WHITE HOT FURY GALVAN-IZES MOURNING INTO DETERMINED ACTION III



LATER, AT THE DESERTED MINE THE SCORPION USES AS A HIDEOUTIN









THEM, GUDDENLY, FROM OUT THE SHADOWS, STEPS NOT AN APPARITION II BUT BLACK DIAMOND, ALIVE WITH GUNS DRAWN.III



DISMAYED AND DAZZLED BY THE UNBEATABLE TEAM OF BLACK CHAMOND AND BUMBER, THE OUTLAWS SCATTER IN A MASTY RETREATIN



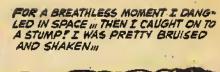
AS THE UNDERGROUND BATTLE RAGES ON, THE VIBRATIONS LOOSEN SOME BOULDERS IN













BUT I INCHED MY WAY BACK UP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF AGAIN? I SUDDENLY HIT ON AN IDEA WHEN I SAW SHERIFF LARKIN

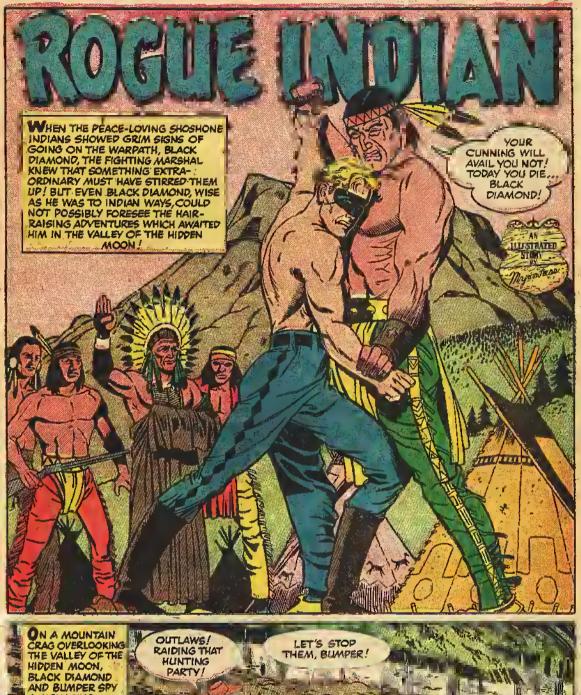


I HID SO THAT I WOULD BE REPORTED DEAD III AND I WAS RIGHT! THE SCORPION FELL FOR THE TRAP! I KNEW HE'D BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD IF HE THOUGHT I WAS OUT OF THE WAY AND SHOW HIS HAND!



























EAGERLY, THE GIANT BRAVE LUNGES ... AS THE MINUTES PASS, THE NIMBLE MARSHAL SUCCESSFULLY WARDS OFF THE DEATH-DEALING BLOWS ... ENRAGED BY HIS FUTILE EFFORTS, CRAZY BEAR FLAILS THE AIR MAPLY! AN HOUR PASSES, UNTIL THE EXHAUSTED BRAVE CAN RAISE HIS ARMS NO LONGER ... HE FALLS ...



















I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE RAIDERS ARE INDIANS...DISGUISED AS OUT-LAWS! IT WOULD EXPLAIN YOUR INVESTIGATIONS FINDING NO GANGS IN THIS TERRITORY! IF THEY ARE INDIANS, I'VE GOT A PLAN TO MAKE THEM SHOW THEIR HAND!









AS THE OWLHOOTS APPROACH THE LONELY WATER HOLE...EVEN THEIR KEEN SENSES DO NOT DETECT THE WELL-HIDDEN FORCE THAT SCRUTINIZES THEM...

WITH THE FURY OF AN UNEXPECTED TORNADO, BLACK DIAMOND'S PLAN GOES INTO EFFECT! THE INDIAN BRAVES AT THE WATER HOLE, HURTLE WITH BLAZING GUNS DIRECTLY INTO THE STARTLED MARAUDERS, STRIKING TERROR AND CONFUSION AMONG THEM...























Big Fake AT Three Claims

BY

"THE BLACK DIAMOND"

We've all read the stories about Jesse James and his brother, Frank, the Younger Brothers, Belle Starr, the fantastic exploits of Quantrell and a dozen other old-time Western bandits, train robbers, bank robbers and stick-up men.

These men and their contemporaries have been glorified in history. But the truth is that the whole lot of them were nothing more nor less than ruthless killers. They had no gallantry. Often they would rob a bank by shooting and killing first and then taking the "easy loot." They had no morals and no scruples.

But I want to tell you about a bank robbery in those days that was pulled off without a shot fired and without anyone even being scared. But it didn't work because "Crime never does pay in the long run."

It was in March, 1889 that it all bappened in the small town of Three Claims, Nevada. It was a short-lived town, because the mines in the area produced a lot of ore for about 18 months and then ran out. Three Claims never bad more than 500 people, but in its short life the little bank there received deposits averaging \$200,000 a month. It was a good boom while it lasted.

Somehow Three Claims was the most lawabiding town in all the West in those days. And in all its short history neither the Smelter, the Assay Office, the Post Office, nor the Bank had even been threatened by a stick-up. The Sheriff had nothing to do at all.

Then, one day some cattlemen rode into town, shacked up at the "Star of the West Hotel," made merry in Rose.

LaRose's Salooo and let it be known that Steve Wooster and his boys were riding in to hold up the bank.

Nobody knew at the time that Harry Harwood, cashier of the Three Claims First National Bank was really the brother of Steve Wooster, the much-feared desperado. But he was.

Harry Harwood was a very kind old fellow and "honest" as the day was long. Everyooe in Three Claims would vouch for that. Many called him, "Hooest Harry Harwood," because of his insistence on scrupulous honesty in every deal. It was "Honest Harry" really who organized the "Three Claims Vigilante Protective Society," whose duty was to see to it that no skulduggery could ever take place in Three Claims. Harry was a real crusader. And no one knew that he was the brother of Steve Wooster, the terror of the plains.

If they didn't know he was Steve's brother, they, of course, didn't know that he looked as much like him as ao identical twin, but he did.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Oo the afternoon of March 4, 1889, something very peculiar happened. The Wooster raiders rode into town. The Baok was just ready to close for the day. For some mysterious reason the vigilantes were not summoned to protect the town, as the Wooster gang approached. For some reason the Wooster gang were able to walk right into the bank. The alarm hell did not go off. No one offered any resistance, and the raiders scooped up more than \$300,000 in currency and gold hullion and about \$50,000 in gold nuggets. Nobody knew why the gold nuggets were there in the first place.

That was the neatest trick of those times. Harry Wooster had taken the name of Harry Harwood, honest banker, and spent a whole year working up a respectable reputation in Three Claims. He was just as much a crook as his brother, Steve. They worked together. When the time came, Steve, who looked just like Harry, changed places with him. Harry went out into the hills and took command of the raiders. Then he rode into town. Everything was arranged and "Honest Harry" was really the leader of the bandits. He stuck up his own bank and had put his "look-alike" brother in charge. They made an eoormous haul—one of the slickest robberies of the Old West—except one thing went wrong.

When they got back to the hills with their loot and made camp, made themselves comfortable and began to celebrate, they were suddenly surrounded by U. S. Marshal Kaplan and his posse. They were all taken into custody. All the money was recovered and turned hack to the honest citizens of Three Claims.

I know this story very well, because U. S.

Marshal Moe Kaplan was my uncle.

THE END











THE TOWN: 0000E CITY, KANGAS, THE TIME: MOON, AND DODGE CITY SLEEPS IN SWELTERING HEAT, BUT THROUGH THE DUST THAT HANGS IN BRIGHT COLUMNS ABOVE THE BUNBAKED STREET, A LEAN, HARD MAN COMES RIDING. HIS EYES BLAZING WITH HATE, HIS MOUTH SET IN GRIM DETERMINATION! IN FRONT OF THE LUCKY DOLLAR SALOON HE REING IN DISMOUNTS. HE ENTERS THE SALOON AND AN UNGONSCIOUS GESTURE TAKES HIS HAND TOWARD HIS SUN. IT IS CLEARLY WRITTEN ON THIS MANS FACE, HIS MISSION IS.







FTER THE BURIAL, BLACK DIAMOND RECEIVES A OF THE BROTHER OF THE MURDERED MAN, RING LOUD IN THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE... I'LL GET THE MURDERER! BEN! I THINK WE'VE OF MY BROTHER IF I MADE SOME PROGRESS IN THIS CASE! SOMEONE BEAT YOUR DROTHER TO THE DRAW SINCE THERE AREN'T MANY GUN-SLINGERS IN TOWN WHO ARE AS FAST AS HE WAS IT NARROWS REST OF MY LIFE TRACKING HIM DOWN! DOWN THE FIELD OF GUSPECTS!











AS FAST AS THEIR MOUNTS WILL RIDE, THE MARSHAL AND BUMPER MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE RANCH...



















THEN I GUESS THAT

BUT I TOLD HIM TO





DURINER INVESTIGATION, SHOWS THAT RED HARRIS WAS SEVERELY BEATEN...

IT WAS BEN STONE WHO JUMPED ME! ... HE WAS LOCO ... SAID HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME TO AVENGE HIS BROTHERS DEATH! WHEN I TOLD HIM IT WASN'T ME WHO DRYGULCHED CALES, HE GOT MAD AND MESSED ME UP!

FEEL UP TO TELLING ME WHAT THIS ATTACK WAS ALL ABOUT?



"... MAY AS WELL! BEING MARSHAL... YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER! ME AND CALEB SOLD SOME CATTLE WE RUSTLED! WE WERE DIVYYING UP WHEN I CAUGHT HIM CHEATING ME OUT OF MY RIGHT. FUL SHARE! IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME TO STOMACH, SO I CALLED HIM ON IT..."









LI TOLD HIM HOW CALES WOULD WORM MY SAVINGS AWAY FROM ME, BY PRETENDING TO BE IN LOVE WITH ME. BUT WHEN HIS ARMS WERE AROUND ME, HE WAS MY MAN, NO MATTER WHAT HE WAS!"

WE CAN'T THINK OF GETTING MARRIED, ROSIE!
THAT IS LINTIL I GET GOME COIN TOGETHER
AND START
A SMALL
BUSINESS!
I HAVE A
LITTLE MONEY,
DARLING! IF
IT WOULD
HELP!



"HE NEVER COULD PASS A BAR OR A GAMING-TABLE OR A PRETTY FACE... I DIDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM, MARSHALL! ONE NIGHT FROM MY WINDOW... I SAW NICK RANDALL DOING THE JOB...





EN AN INSTANT, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER RUSH OUT OF THE DOOR...



AS DIAMOND AND BUMPER ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THE SALOON, A FUSILADE OF GUNSHOTS SCATTER THE PEACEFUL



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED THEY BURST INTO THE OFFICE TO FIND BEN WITH THE STILL SMOKING GUN IN HIS HAND ...



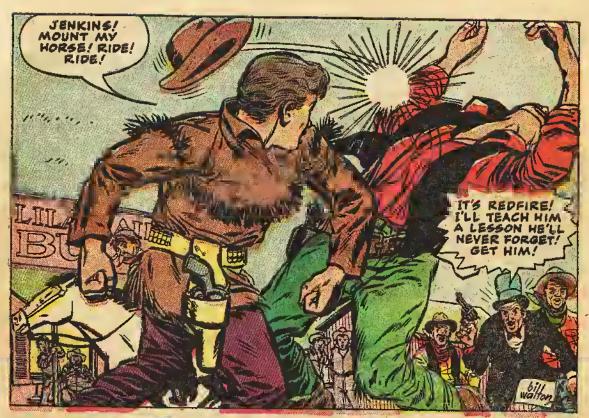
NO, MARSHAL! RANDALL'S STILL ALIVE AND KICKING! IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT! HE MY HAND ...00WW/ PULLED A GUN ON ME, BUT I SHOT IT FROM HIS HAND. HE TOLD ME CALEB WAS BLACKMAILING HIM AND HE KILLED HIM IN A PAY-OFF! I GUESS MY BIG BROTHER WASN'T ALL I CHALKED HIM UP TO BE!





I'M PUTTING MY GUNS ASIDE! FROM NOW ON, I'M GOING TO CONCENTRATE ON BEING A FIRST-KATE HUSBAND/







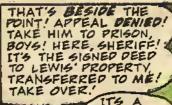
Could reupire outwit the crookedest fraud in the west? A Judge who was no Judge at all, but an imposter knowing little about law and caring less! A self-elected fake whose bench was a bar and whose courtroom was the Jailhouse into which he threw innocent men! By opposing the shrewdest thief on the frontier, redpire walked a tightrope of danger that might quickly be transformed into his own noose!

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A FAKE 'JUDGE' WHO PRETEN-DED TO BELIEVE IN JUSTICE...SWIFT, SUDDEN AND PROFITABLE!













ALL

THE MONEY

HAVE!

LATER THAT DAY, AS REDFIRE ENTERS TOWN ...

THE MAYOR! ALSO THE THAT'S FUNNY! THIS TOWN USED TOWN TREASURER! ALSO THE TOWN EVERY-TO BE CALLED THIN' ELSE! SINCE LILAC VALLEY! JUDGE CROOKE" TOOK WHO CHANGED THE NAME ? OVER THE TOWN, HE RECKONED IT'D BE TO NAME IT AFTER HIM! I PON'T THINK HE'S A JUDGE ATALL! ROOKEVILLE

JUST A MINUTE, FELLER! YOU'RE BUT FIVE DOLLARS 15 STRANGER IN TOWN! NO STRANGER PASSES THROUGH TOWN WITHOUT MAKIN' A CONTRI-BUTION TO OUR PUBLIC BUILDIN'S! FIVE BUCKS, PLEASE!







MEANWHILE, AT THE CROOKEVILLE SALOON, ACROSS THE STREET...

JUPGE" CROOKE! THIS HERE HOMBRE WAS SAYIN NASTY THINGS AT THE BAR ABOUT YOU!



HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PASS SENTENCE UPON YOU?



WO! GUILTY
A5 CHARGED! WAIT!
TAKE HIM
TO JAIL!

W-WAIT!

LOOK AT THIS JUDGE? THAT MEDPLIN NEWS-PAPER EDITOR, JENKINS, ATTACKED YOU AGAIN! HE CALLS YOU A CROOK AND IMPOSTER WHO STOLE HIS WAY INTO

HMMM... IT'S
TIME JUSTICE
STEPPED IN!
ARREST JENKINS!
I'LL GIVE HIM
A PUBLIC TRIAL!



SNORTLY AFTER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LILAC VALLEY BUGLE ...

THE SHERIFF IS AN EX-RUSTLER, HIS DEPUTIES ARE JAILBIRDS, THE "JUDGE" IS A SWINDLER FROM THE EAST WHO FAKED HIS OWN ELECTION AND IS USING FORCE AND THE LAW TO STEAL THE CITIZENS BLIND!

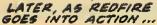


ONE SIDE, KID, OR YOU'LL GO TO PRISON, TOO, FOR ASSOCIATIN' WITH THIS CRIM-INAL!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE TOWN SQUARE...



















AN HOUR LATER, AS RED FIRE RETURNS TO TOWN BY A ROUND-ABOUT ROUTE SHORTLY AFTER, IN SHERIFF MANSE'S OFFICE

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE...

R-RED FIRE! I SEEN WHAT YOU DID IN THE TOWN SQUARE! YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO HAD NERVE ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO CROOKE!

NEVER MIND
THAT! WE'VE
GOT TO WORK
FAST! I WANT
YOU TO GO TO
CROOKE AND
TELL HIM
THIS!

E'M TELLIN' YOU THIS.
BECAUSE I DON'T WANT
TO GET INTO ANY TROUBLE
MYSELF! I HEARD THAT
JENKINS AND RED FIRE
WERE HIDIN' OUT IN
BONANZA JUNCTION!



MOBODY SENDS ANY
MESSAGES OUTA
CROOKEVILLE WITHOUT THE "JUDGE'S"
PERMISSION!



TO THE GOVE PNOR OF THE GENITAN ERITORY

THAT NIGHT, IN THE ABANDONED TOWN OF BONANZA JUNCTION ...









COURTS IN SESSION! THE WITNESS' GUILT 15 WRITTEN ALL OVER HIS FACE! WHAT'S THE JURY'S



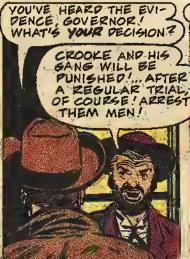






SORRY "JUPGE" COURT ISN'T ADJOURNED
YET! TELL THE TRUTH AND NOTHING
BUT THE TRUTH! HAVE YOU BEEN
JAILING INNOCENT PEOPLE AND STEALING THEIR PROPERTY E







可以明显是在这里以下的

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